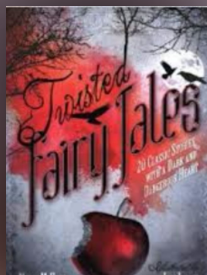




Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

Once Upon a Twisted Time



👁 267 ✓ 30 ★ 25

Chapter 1 by Sam I am

Cyra sat there silently in her room, holding a journal and a pencil. No one was around her and everything was silent. Midnight has just struck and everyone in her household is asleep. This was Cyra's time to come out and enjoy her life.

Her mother was abusive and her dad was a drunk. Her brother ran away only a few weeks ago, leaving her alone to take on the two monsters called her parents. She had no choice but to stay. She was a princess who was so close to taking over the kingdom. She was so close to ruling over her parents instead of them ruling over her.

The only way she found joy in her twisted life was to read her books and write several stories late at night, with her somber music playing quietly through her earbuds. She felt free when her mind was consumed in a book or in a story she was writing. Cyra felt like she could finally be free of the chains that her parents put upon her. She felt like she could be herself now. She was no longer bound to her parents and their twisted ways of life and love.

Chapter 2 by Phantim



There was once a little boy named Jack. His favorite game was to hack

He used to tease the little girls and play pranks on them.

Now he squeezes their th

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

You see he is a one of those naughty boys, who only thinks of girls as toys.

He was never caught you see, but let's keep that between you and me.

Old man Joe's life was taken, for the murderer he had been mistaken.

Who would ever suspect a child? Of doing something so vile and wild.

Now that evil boy has become king, ruling all with his signet ring.

As my father I have come to know him, every night I am forced to ##### him.

That is the life of a princess, at least one whose life is a mess.

I like to dream of my Prince Charming.

But all I have known has been harming.

This is the sad fairy tale, of a princess abused and frail.

Chapter 3 by Mason Lee



Why is my life so wrong?

Why bother to sing my song?

For I will never be heard

Not a sentence, not a word.

There was only one thing left to do

I had to kill them

And this is true.

Chapter 4 by Adisoccer1223



His death although it pains me to see

Will allow me to finally be free

It will give me a choice, a path to follow

It would give me a life for tomorrow

However as condemning

The idea of his death still

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Chapter 5 by -

Once upon a time there was a little girl.
She thought she was a princess.
But then one day her mother's ghost told her,
"You are the daughter of a demoness."
This shattered the little girl's dreams.
She loved a charming prince.
"I guess my life is not as it seems!"
The little girl would never live
Happily ever, forever after...

Chapter 6 by -

There once was a little girl named Pinkyalina. She was so small, no one even knew she existed.

But she did. Her voice was squeaky high (though no one ever knew). Her hair was golden long.
And her dress was a daisy petal.

She lived for many years, escaping everyday from the clutches of death. But a day came when
she couldn't outrun a wheelbarrow.

And she drifted off into another world, where she met Thumbalina. Who seemed a giant in her
tiny blue eyes.

Chapter 7 by -

It was the day after the Royal Ball, and Prince Charming was looking for the beautiful girl he had
met last evening. The only clue he had to follow, was a glass slipper which had fallen off the fair
maiden before she disappeared.

The Prince arrived at a small cottage and entered. A strange, wicked grinning old woman
opened the door and introduced the Prince to her two daughters.

But before the slipper could be found, Thumbalina ran into the room and bowed
low to the ground in front of the Prince. She ran to a chair, he handed
her the glass shoe.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Cinderella's shoulders shook, and she began to sob. "It doesn't fit!" She cried. Drizella rushed forward and tried it on. But it did not fit either.

Anastasia threw her head back and her snobby nose into the air. She haughtily strutted forward and seized the glass slipper. Then, she gracefully stepped into the shimmering glass shoe.

Prince Charming smiled enthusiastically. "I pronounce you, Anastasia, as my wife!"

Chapter 8 by -



Bell is dancing around the kitchen with the teapots and candlesticks. Her voice is echoing through the entire mansion. A beautiful, sweet melody is sweeping into the Beast's lair.

He wonders why there is singing in his house - there hasn't been for decades. He grumpily marches through the many hallways and down the enormous staircase, where the voice becomes more loud.

When the Beast enters the kitchen, all of the dishware and utensils and anything moving stops. Except Bell, who doesn't realize the Beast is here.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!" The Beast roars as he grabs Bell and drags her out of the room. She begins to cry from the pain and beseeches him to stop.

But the Beast keeps on, until they bump down many many steps to the mansion's deepest dungeon. Here, he throws Bell into a dark, damp, and insect ridden cell.

She rushes forward to him and pulls a red rose from her dress in a final attempt to soften his heart. But the Beast shoves her to the filthy ground and beats her.

Until there is no more rose...

the end

Write a comment...

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

About Privacy Feedback

